

POETRY.

Life.

BY WILLIAM MARSH, ESQ.

The spring-time of our youth,
The sports that never tired,
When hope, and love, and truth,
Went hand in hand inspired—
Thus soon life's morning skips away,

The brightest sunshine of our day,
The summer of our days,
The harvest and its fruits—
Ambition's torch, whose blaze
Abstunes while it pollutes:

Only rather give us solitude
Than cities where the wicked brood.

The autumn of our years—
The sapless yellow leaf—
The father's thines, the mother's tears,
The heart overcharged with grief,
These are the sorrows that we reap;

To hope by day, by night to weep.
The winter of our life—
Brings an eternal home—
The cord, the bowl, the knife,
The shroud, the bier, the tomb.

Here end alike the pilgrimage
Of king and peasant, fool and sage.

POPULAR TALES.

Lucy Wendall.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. SEDGWICK.

"I am going round by Broad street to inquire of Ross, the glover, about little Lucy Wendall."

"Lucy Wendall! who is she?"

"She is a pretty little dutch girl, who lives opposite to me in that bit of a dwelling that looks like a crack or a seam between the two houses on each side of it. She lives with her grandparents, natives of this city, and once proprietors of many a lot within it; but they had been outbargained and outwitted, till they were reduced to this little tenement, some twenty feet by fifteen. Their only surviving descendant was my little friend Lucy, a pretty fair-skinned, fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, of a modest, quiet, engaging demeanor. For many months after we moved to—street, I knew nothing of the family; but from such observations as my eye could make, neatness was the ruling passion of the household. Their only servant Minerva—the goddess of wisdom should have known better—used to scrub the house weekly from garret to cellar; their only carpet was shook every Saturday, the steps were scoured daily, and I never in my life saw the old woman without a dusting cloth in her hand. Such a war of extermination did she carry on against intruding particles, that my friend E. used to say it must be hard for her to think of turning to dust."

Lucy had no visitors, no companions; and the only indulgence of the old people, which was sitting in the stoop every pleasant afternoon, according to the ancient Dutch custom, she never partook. She never went out, excepting Sunday to church, and she reminded me of one of those bright, pretty flowers that hang on the crabbled bare stem of the cactus. I pitied her, her stream of life seemed to pass away so drearily. My pity was misplaced, and I felt it to be so when I looked in her serene and sweet countenance, and saw there the impress of that happiness which certainly flows from duties religiously performed. It is a great matter, Grace, have your desires bounded within your stations; to be satisfied with the quiet, unnoticed performance of the duties Providence has allotted to you; and not to waste your efforts of strength in seeking to do good, or obtain pleasures beyond your sphere. This is true wisdom; and this was Lucy Wendall's. At last, there came to this obscure family what comes to all—death and its changes. The old man and his wife died within a few days of each other, of the influenza that then raged in the city. The hope of serving the pretty orphan induced me to go to the house. She received me gratefully, and as an old friend; though we had never exchanged a word, there had been an interchange of kind looks and friendly nods—those little humanities that bind even strangers together. On enquiry into her affairs, I found that she was left almost penniless, but that a discreet and kind female friend had procured a place for her in Ross's glove factory. Lucy was skilled in all the art, and craft of the needle. Ross, it seems, is a very thriving tradesman; and on the warm recommendation of Lucy's friend, he had promised to board her in his family, and allow her sufficient compensation for her labor.

In a few short days she removed to her new home. It is now fifteen months since she left our street. She came once to tell me she was perfectly satisfied with her place, and since I have heard nothing of her. Do not look so reproving, my lady Mentor. I have been intending for some time to call at Ross's to make inquiries about her. My story has brought us almost to the shop: "John Ross, glove manufacturer." This must be the place. Stop one moment, Grace, and look through the window; that man, no doubt, is Ross himself. What a fine head! You might be such a man would succeed in the world, let his lot be cast where it would. He would have been a resolute general, a safe statesman; but here he is, an honest thriving glover, and that perhaps, is just as well; nothing truer than the tried old couple,

"Honour and shame from no condition rise;

Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

The old man looks as if he might be a little dynamical, though. Heaven grant that poor Lucy may not have suffered from that trait of his physiognomy."

"The only customer is coming out. Now let us go in."

"Mr. Ross, I believe?"

"The same, ma'am."

"I called, Mr. Ross, to inquire after a young woman that came to live with you a year ago last Christmas."

"I have had a great many young women living with me, ma'am."

"The old man's humor requires me to be explicit. Her name, Mr. Ross, was Lucy Wendall."

"Ay, Lucy Wendall did come into the factory about that time."

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There was an expression in Ross's face that I did not fully comprehend. It might be good, but I might be evil of Lucy. "I merely my pardon, and promised to obey me in all things, state of things at the Sandwich Isles might have wish to know, Mr. Ross, whether she still re-married with Any Bruce. "I give up Lucy father," he said, "but I cannot marry any body else." I forgave him—from the bottom of my heart I forgave him—and I longed to ask him to forgive me; but I had no time to do that yet; I asked him what had brought him back to duty. He put into my hands a letter he had received from Lucy. She had persevered in not seeing him—but such a letter, ladies! If ministers could speak so to the heart, there would be no sin left in the world. She said they had deserved to suffer for carrying matters so far without my knowledge. She spoke of me as the kindest of fathers and the kindest of masters. Then she spoke of the duty a child owed a parent—said she should never have any peace of mind till she heard we were reconciled; and told him it would be in vain for him to seek for her, for she had solemnly resolved never to see him again. The paper was blotted with tears from top to bottom; but saving and excepting that, ma'am, there was nothing from which you could guess what it cost her to write the letter.

"Well, you know when Lucy Wendall came to me, she was a little demure thing—not a beauty, but so comely and tidy, that she was a pretty resting place for the eye of old or young. She was as great a contrast to the other girls in the work-shop as white is to black. She just sat quiet in one corner, and minded her work and took no part in the gabbling. You must know what a parcel of girls is, ma'am, dinging from morning till night, like forty thousand chimney swallows. Lucy was very different. She minded herself next an trig in the morning, and did not lose half an hour at noon when the 'prentice boys were coming to dinner, twitting out curl papers and furbelowing her hair. The boys and girls used to have their jokes about her, and call her the little parson; but she only preached in her actions, and this is what I call practical preaching, ma'am. She was a little master workman with her needle. I never had a match for her since I first began business; but, (you know ma'am there's always a but in this life,) she gave me great offence. She crossed me where I least bear to be crossed."

"Not intentionally, I am sure, Mr. Ross."

"You shall hear, ma'am, I have an only son, John Ross—a fine, fresh looking, good natured, industrious lad. I set my heart on his marrying my youngest sister, and had a pretty fortune in hand, enough to set John up in any business he fancied. There was no reason in the world why he should not like Amy. I had kept my wishes to myself, because I knew that young folks' love is like an unbroken colt, that will neither mind spur nor bit.

I never mistrusted that any thing was going wrong, till one day I heard the girls making a great wonderment about a canary bird that they found when they went in the morning into the work-shop in a cage hanging over Lucy's seat; and then I remembered that John had asked me five dollars the day before, and when I asked what he wanted the money for he looked sheepish and made no answer. I thought it prudent before matters went any further, to tell John my wishes about his cousin Amy. My wishes, ma'am, have always made a law to my children. To be sure, I have taken care for the most part that they should be reasonable. I am a little wilful, I own it; but it's young folks' business to mind; and 'Children obey your parents,' is the law both of Scripture and nature. So I told John. I did not hint any suspicions about Lucy, but I told him this marriage with his cousin was what he could have no reasonable objection to, what he had long fixed my heart upon, and what he must set about without delay, on peril of my displeasure. He was silent, and looked cast down; but he saw I was determined, and I believed he would not disobey me. A few evenings after, I saw a light in the work-shop after the usual time, and I went to inquire into it. I had on my slippers, and my steps made little or no sound. The upper part of the door is set with glass. I saw Lucy was finishing off a pair of gloves—my son was standing by her. It appeared that they were for him and he insisted on her trying them on his hand. Her's, poor thing, seemed to tremble.—The glove would not go on, but it came off, and their hands met without gloves, and a nice fit they were. I burst in upon them. I asked John if this was his obedience to me, and I told Lucy to quit my service immediately. Now the whole matter is past; I must do John the justice to say he stood by her like a man. He said this was a matter in which he could not obey me. He had given his heart and promised his hand to Lucy, and she owned she loved him—him who was not worthy of her love. He said, too, something of my having hitherto been a kind father and a kind man; and he would not believe that the first case of my doing wrong would be to the poor orphan girl whom Providence had placed under our roof. Ma'am, you will wonder that I hardened my heart to all this, but you know that anger is said to be short madness, and so it is; and, besides, there is nothing makes us so deaf to reason and true feeling as the stinging sense we are wilful doing wrong. I was harsh, and John lost his temper, and poor Lucy cried, and was too frightened to speak; and it ended with my telling Lucy she should not stay another day in my house, and John, that if he did not obey me, my curse should be upon him.

The next morning they had both cleared out, and every body thought they had gone off to be married; and so I believed till night, when John came in like a distracted man, and said he had been all day seeking Lucy in vain—that the only friend she had in the city knew nothing of her, and when I answered, "so much the better," he accused me of cruelty, and then followed high words, such as should never pass between father and son; and it ended in my turning him from my door. I do not wonder you turn away, but here me out. Saturday night, three days after,

dark, without any guide or leading principles.—Where then, would be our statesmen, our warriors, and indeed, our society? Sunk—sunk, sunk into a state of inaction and primeval chaos! The fair have a natural claim upon us for protection; they confidently expect it from us;—they should not be disappointed! Go with the slandered female to her closet, defusing vipers to view her agony in secret! see her wring her hands and tear her locks with the frenzy of a despairing victim; observe the large tears of anguish quickly coursing each other down her emaciated cheeks, while her eyes are cast up in agony inexpressible, calling upon God for that protection which she vainly expected to receive from her fellow beings. Pale as monumental marble, frantic and almost breathless, she utters her complaints with the convulsive shudder of a broken heart; she wastes away amid the dark horrors of despair. I say, view these things, and if you have the least particle of humanity in your disposition, I would emphatically say to you in the words of a celebrated author, "Go mend! Go mend!"

Watching for a Tiger.

The spot I selected was the edge of a tank where a tiger used to drink. There was a large tamarind tree on its banks, and here I took my post. A village shikar accompanied me; and soon after sunset, we took up our position on a branch, about twelve feet from the ground. I should first mention that we fastened an unfortunate bullock under the tree for a bait. Well, we remained quietly on our perch for a couple of hours, without any stirring. It might be eight o'clock, the moon had risen, and so clear was the light, that we could see the jackals at the distance of half a mile, sneaking along towards the village, when a party of Brinparries, passing by, stopped to water their bullocks at the tank.—They loitered for some time; and, becoming impatient, I got off the tree with a single rifle in my hand, and walked towards them, telling them that I was watching a tiger, upon which they started off immediately. I was sauntering back to my wild retreat, laden with the best which the island afforded, and although a heavy price had been offered for his capture, yet she had kept his secret faithfully locked in her breast. He now stood conversing with his half-starved shipmates who had purchased liberty at a much higher price than himself; and the girl lingered near as if fearful that they would steal her youth away from her. In a moment a tall and rather ungainly female, richly dressed and attended by several persons of both sexes, passed along the beach until she had nearly arrived at the spot where the seamen stood: and one of her servants having planted on the sand she took a seat. Our Indian girl immediately ran to her and began talking in familiar strains which showed that the two females had frequently met before. In a moment a male servant of the great lady came to our youth, and touching him on the shoulder directed his attention to the spot where the lady sat.

"Queen—queen want you" was his broken exclamation. The youth looked a little surprised at seeing his Indian girl on such familiar terms with the queen, and lost no time in obeying the summons. As soon as the youth came in the presence of the queen, she appointed him a seat at her feet, and then the girl who had been his protectress seemed to be earnestly engaged in telling the story of her portage. In a moment the girl was seen pointing toward the hungry shipmates of the youth, and they were summoned to the presence of the queen, who gave them all seats and then examined their condition, with pity plainly depicted on her countenance. Considerable conversation passed between the queen and her attendants, when the seamen were all led to a large building and requested to enter.—Here a table was spread with every luxury which the island afforded, and the service was of the most gay and costly description. An immense quantity of rich furniture was contained in this room. They ate heartily and departed.

Our youth, whose name was Cook, must not be forgotten. For some weeks he was seen wandering about town, accompanied by his Indian maid. She doubtless believed that as he was all the world to her, she was all the world to him, and that he would continue an exile at the Sandwich Islands for her sake. That dream was destined to be broken: for one afternoon a brig bound to the United States was observed getting under way, and the devoted girl saw her lover going on board for the purpose of returning to the land of his fathers. Half frantic, she threw herself into the water and swam to the vessel just as she had gained the outer harbor. She held up her hands as a signal to come on board.—But her lover was employed in some part of the vessel where he could not see her. The winds filled the sails and the brig slowly glided out to sea, but the Indian maid continued to follow the men in the boats, occasionally increasing their exertions by the insipiring cry of "show a leg!" The ship gradually wound her way out of the harbor—the boat cast off to return to their several vessels—then fell the mighty canvas which gradually crawled into its proper position; the creaking topsail yards ascended the mast, and ready hands above let fall the light top-gallants which were at once sheeted home, and stretched to their utmost dimensions to receive the fanning breeze. She moved over the waters rapidly, and was soon reduced to a mere speck in the distant horizon, fairly embarked for another part.

It was then there came down from the mountains several most wan and melancholy objects. They came down to the beach and clapped their spectre-like hands with joy at the ship which, every moment, became farther and farther separated from themselves. The smile upon their white and shadow like countenances was the smile of joy though ghastly and terrible to the beholder. These were men who had deserted the ship of which we have spoken, and their danger was over they could mingle with the inhabitants and satisfy the terrible cravings of hunger which they had endured among the mountains. It was a difficult achievement to desert a ship at the Sandwich Islands. Native savages who knew every spot, every hole and cranny on the island, were employed to fish out and hunt up the runaways. They were almost invariably successful, as the fierce calls of hunger would draw the deserter from his hiding-place occasionally, unless he possessed the resolution of a martyr.

Those who persisted in keeping concealed, fed on roots, the bark of trees, and were even fain to know their shores. The joy of these spectre-like men may then be imagined, as they saw their ship grow dim in the distance and feel that they could now roost the island with out fear of capture, and partake of the fat of the land without danger of handcuffs and eat o' nine tails.—Not long had these sons of famine stood upon the beach, before another individual approached whose ruddy cheeks and well turned limbs contrasted widely with the haggard lineaments of the other wanderers. Yet he seemed to be one of the same class of beings, for on beholding him the rest ran to him, and greeted him with that

SLANDER—AN EXTRACT.—"Of all the slanders, that which is aimed at the destruction of the spotless reputation of a defenceless female is uncontroversially the most execrable, hateful, inhuman, unmanly. He who would wilfully attack the pure vestal with the foul contaminating breath of scandal can be animated with nothing less than the spirit of a demon of the darkest cast.—They are the silken cords which attach us to life; their society renders life tolerable. Deprived of that, and life becomes a batten, dark, dreary waste, and every excitement to deeds of valor, and of honor, and of chivalry, become extinguished at once; and we wander about in the

A friend is never known till needed.

POLITICAL.

From the Washington Globe.

Review of the Late Extra Session.

TO DANIEL WEBSTER, ESQ., SECRETARY OF STATE.

You, sir, attested the Proclamation to convene the late extraordinary session of Congress. The other name affixed to it is the shadow of one who is now in the land of shadows; while you linger behind, responsible to the people for the consequences of a measure which had both your approval and co-operation. There is an end of the session, but we are far from the end of its evil influences. We are now able to judge with some correctness what will be its character and fruits. Attend, then. Let you and your party listen to the rebuke of an indignant public. The session was avowedly convened on account of "muddy important and weighty matters, principally growing out of the condition of the revenue and finances." But how hollow was most of this pretence! Near half the time has been devoted to the waste rather than supply of revenue, and much of the other half to the creation of a gigantic, privileged Bank monopoly, few of whose powers—none of whose capital—and scarcely any of whose operations would have the slightest reference whatever to our finances, follies, or abominations.

Besides this, it was believed by many, and among them your own Chief Magistrate, to be unwarranted by the Constitution, and eminently dangerous as well to public liberty as to public virtue. Indeed, sir, the details of the whole session will be found full of either wrongs, follies, or abominations.

Called here at a season of the year unusual and hazardous, the first business should have been the general relief, (professedly to the finances,) and that in the promptest manner consistent with due deliberations. Yet in truth, the first measure of your party was to burden the finances, by a large civil pension or gift on account of political party services. The donation to Mrs. Harrison was, also, to a person in affluence rather than indigence; and instead of being moderate in amount, equalled twenty-five thousand dollars, or, from half to the whole amount of some of the yearly State taxes.

What was the next "important and weighty matter" proposed by you and your friends in view of the pretended dilapidation of the public resources, at a period represented as dark with the prospect of speedy war? When the embarrassments of the public Treasury were ridiculously exaggerated by your friend at the head of that Department, and stated to require the utmost vigilance to avert national bankruptcy, you proceeded to give away, chiefly for the benefit of British bondholders, millions upon millions of the richest domain which has ever, in the long tide of time, blessed the people of any country on the face of the globe. At the same moment you ordered the borrowing of twelve millions of dollars to meet the current expenses of the Government!

Was this the course of a statesman desirous to preserve public credit, or the profligacy of a spendthrift who had squandered his own earnings, and could only hope to support his dissolute career by appropriating those of more prudent and industrious men? This was done in the face of the experience of other Governments and the previous practice of our own, never to borrow money without fixing or pledging definite funds for its payment. In no other mode can the finances of any people be persevered upon a secure foundation. During the last war the public lands were expressly pledged for the redemption of the loans which you vituperated with so much zeal, because they were to be expended in the defence of the common enemy. But your administration, which was to create confidence, began his boasted reform of the finances by laying the best security which could be tendered to the prudent capitalists, upon speculators, who had seduced individual States into the gulf of debt, without regard to the means of payment. Determined that the Treasury of the Union should become involved by the same improvident course, and the public credit reduced to the same level, you wantonly impaired the means of raising the money which your projected measures required to be borrowed. The rashness and profligacy have already weakened the confidence of the real capitalists at a most important crisis. You have since increased the burdens of taxation on the community at large, and especially the poorer classes, to supply in some degree your waste. You have made both the distribution and the burdens unequal; and by such rank injustice, as well as by the new corrupting and disturbing forces you have brought to bear on our political system, you have sown deep and wide the seeds of alienation between the States, and endangered, it is feared, fatally, the holy bond of their Union.

After all this, sir, you and your adherents then proceeded to seize on the general revenue, and instead of relieving the treasury, sequestered from it, for the first time in our history, nearly half a million of dollars to aid the operations of the Post Office Department. So far from requiring—as all precedent and sound principle demanded—that those who are benefited by the mails should defray the expense of them, you compelled the people at large to pay, by a tariff on the necessities of life, not merely for the transportation of their own letters, like angel's visits, *few and far between*, but for the daily and voluminous correspondence of the wealthy. Not content with all these innovations, so wasteful and appalling, your next aid to the finances was, for the first and only time in the half century since our Government began, to impose as a charge on the General Treasury, the payment of the whole Navy pensions of the country.

They had always before been charged upon trust funds, and had no right to any others.

Other and different modes of Whig relief to the Treasury in this emergency are calculated to excite equal astonishment for their want of wisdom, as well as economy and judgment. If they do not all look like the deeds of bold, bad men, *feeling power and forgetting right*, they at least exhibit a total want of that tact, skill, and ordinary prudence, which are indispensable to the good government of a great country. Besides the absence of these, we search in vain, also, for

that far-reaching sagacity in measures—that sensitiveness to national honor—that statesmanlike honesty of purpose in small, as well as large concerns, which can alone command confidence or insure permanent success.

Thus, in a period of fiscal embarrassment, your party has been busy in voting additional charges for new outfits and higher salaries to foreign ministers. In several of these cases, no excuse can be pretended, except personal favoritism or to fill removals, made solely for differences in political opinion, under a system of relentless proscription by those elevated to power in March last. Yes, sir, by those, among whom you, conspicuously as the rest, were solemnly pledged to prosecute proscription; you who were the first to satisfy every profession, and, before even you were sworn into office, made a removal of a most intelligent and talented clerk, merely for the shameful purpose of filling the vacancy with your own; you, who have followed up this system of foreign and monarchial despotism so far as to possess scarcely a relative within any of the legal degrees of consanguinity, who has not been provided for in six brief months, by first cutting off the heads of worthy incumbents, who happened to possess a little less faith than yourself in the atrocious principles of the Hartford Convention. The proscription immediately adopted under your auspices, and pushed farthest in some classes of officers under your immediate supervision, has been so insatiate, as to have spared neither age, want, nor worth; and not finding victims enough at home, crossed the Atlantic to glut its voracity on our diplomatic and consular agents abroad.

Passing by more on this topic for the present, allow me to say that you and your friends, instead of seeking relief at once to the finances, and then stopping the expense of the session by an early adjournment, have spent weeks in the most local and trifling legislation on the other matters. You have made it a prominent measure to renewing suspended bank charters here, to legalize the use of depreciated paper in the capital of the whole Union. You have wasted important time and money in making large donations here to rebuild bridges, and maintain paupers; and whether measures like these are right or wrong in themselves, how shameful is it, in a public view, for the promotion of such narrow objects, to detain members unseasonably and expensively, so many thousand miles of our exceptions only, during only six months of your reign, as in the whole twelve years of General Jackson's and Mr. Van Buren's administrations. Blush, then, if any thing can make such callous hypocrisy feel! blush at your injustice to others, and your own want of respect and consistency both to yourself and to the high minded, honest, and honorable of your own party. But no more on this point.

Last, but I suppose, not least, our opponents claim some merit for the session in aiding the finances by a Loan bill, a Tax bill, two Fiscal Bank bills, and a Distribution bill.

What a marvellous relief to the Treasury must be the last measure, giving away, as it does yearly, three to four millions of dollars! So of the two fiscal Banks, one of which created a debt of more than sixteen millions, subject to be increased eight or ten more; and the other of near thirteen millions, which might be enlarged to eighteen. These are debts, too, enormous as they are, created, not to extinguish any past liabilities, or even meet any future national expenditure, rendered necessary in either peace or war, but to furnish capital for bank speculation and political accommodations, like that of the last Bank of the United States, which so recently ended its career by utter bankruptcy, and as Mr. Gallatin says, by becoming a *public nuisance*.

Yes, sir, those are the two great relief measures so much urged and eulogized—measures which were to burden the people with fifteen to twenty millions of debt, to be thus hazarded, and probably most of it, in the end, squandered and lost irretrievably.

This is a firm and fearless Executive, their dangerous character has been so fully exposed as to receive his indignant vetoes. All that remains for boast as relief to a suffering Treasury are the Loan and the Tax bills.

Now it has been demonstrated by figures and stubborn facts, that not a dollar of new loan would have been needed, had the extra session never been called. It is the expenses of that session—its five to six millions of new appropriations, and the wasteful course of the Treasury Department since March last, in pushing advances and expenditures as well as negotiations to collect public dues from banks, and to make advertisements and sales of lands—it is these alone which have produced the necessity for the very bill which is boasted of as a relief to the revenue and finances as they existed in March last. The session then was called before any of this necessity was created.

So the Tax bill or increased tariff would have been equally unnecessary till December next, but for the same causes—all produced and operating since the session itself was called.

Boast, then, no more of the relief in either of these measures which have been rendered plausible only by your own improvidence, this time, and since March. Claim no credit for supplying what you yourselves squander by gifts and distribution; nor can there be much wisdom in procuring loans now at the expense of the future.

Increased debts in peace, and increased taxes in peace, the moths and rust which destroy every Government that tolerates them, are your only laurels.

You have, to be sure, in hot haste repealed the Sub-Treasury. But your only financial merit in this has been rashly to abolish one good system, in successful operation, before you obtained or could put into operation another, though had been regulated by law. Say nothing more of the terrible union of the purse and the sword, which has, notwithstanding, been deliberately consummated by you in that inconsiderate repeal. Be silent on the supposed increase of Executive patronage to the past Administration, when you have armed this one with unlimited power over the public money, and proposed, by two United States Banks, with large capitals to render it still more formidable. What rigid disciplines you must be of the school of '98! what close followers of Jefferson! what strict constructionists! Such Whigs look to me as much like Democrats in principle, and as much like the Whigs of 1776, as you and your party did when voting against the supplies in the last war, and against rebuilding the Capitol, burnt by Vandal Englishmen.

The people, sir, are tired of these delusions, strive to strip off your mask, then; or let us have less

of pretension and promise, with a little more of performance. Instead of twenty-eight or thirty millions expenditure, when your friends promised but thirteen or fifteen, let us, at all events, have no more than the eighteen or twenty to which the last Administration was rapidly approaching, and which you denounced as extravagant. Suspend the ravages of perfidy, at least for a season, for that mere difference of opinion in which you yourselves are, among yourselves, beginning to indulge somewhat freely; otherwise, some of you may have to look carefully to your own hands. Let us have a few good works. As yet we can hardly see grounds even for faith, except in the two vetoes of an intrepid Executive. The whole session has been a disgraceful unmasking. Were it not a subject too serious for remission, no little amusement could be gathered from the contrast between the leading personages before the election, in their domes and cloaks, and counterfeit characters, and their true appearance now, when stripped at his extra session.

Before, they were patriots of the purest water, who scorned the spoils of office, and would prescribe proscription. Now, they appear to have seized on every occasion to plunder power and salary for themselves and families, as well as to have persecuted from the lowest station every political opponent, with a sort of hurricane rush—a wolfish hunger—a death-like struggle, which have driven our President already to an untimely end and must embitter the life of another.

Before, they were to introduce retrenchment and economy. But now, almost every establishment is increased, salaries raised, officers multiplied, and our aggregate expenditures alarmingly augmented.

Before, they were prodigal in profusion as exclusive friends of order and decency. They now raise ferocious yell around the dwelling of their own President, and they burn, hang, or shoot him, in ignominious effigy, in almost every village.

Boastful before of their superior courtesy and refinement, their distinguished leader now in the Senate now confesses to disgrace himself in denouncing all his opponents as *pirates*, and their vagabond Bears are patronized by the whole Departments, and they, and some of the most infamous of their pipe-layers, fed from the public Treasury.

They were to protect liberty of speech—but they began in one House with smothering debate—have cut off years and nays on important amendments, and concealed from the people the opinions as well as votes of their Representatives on many of the most essential points they were delegated here to act on.

In fine, they were to uphold morals and law. But they violate the public peace in the very halls of Congress—they disturb our villages and cities, with riots and mobs—sometimes against their own offending brethren—and they tempt the community in more remote regions, by their bad examples, to rush into various demoralizing outrages, and establish the fierce reign of unbridled Lynch law.

Remember, sir, that these are the fruits of only six months' Administration of your immaculate party. It is but a three months' session of your uncontrolled majority in both Houses, in scarce a hundred days, which have exposed your deceptions, and shaken, if not overthrown, your power. Let the people take warning.

If your influence is not already paralyzed, that remains for boast as relief to a suffering Treasury are the Loan and the Tax bills.

Now it has been demonstrated by figures and stubborn facts, that not a dollar of new loan would have been needed, had the extra session never been called. It is the expenses of that session—its five to six millions of new appropriations, and the wasteful course of the Treasury Department since March last, in pushing advances and expenditures as well as negotiations to collect public dues from banks, and to make advertisements and sales of lands—it is these alone which have produced the necessity for the very bill which is boasted of as a relief to the revenue and finances as they existed in March last. The session then was called before any of this necessity was created.

So the Tax bill or increased tariff would have been equally unnecessary till December next, but for the same causes—all produced and operating since the session itself was called.

Boast, then, no more of the relief in either of these measures which have been rendered plausible only by your own improvidence, this time, and since March. Claim no credit for supplying what you yourselves squander by gifts and distribution; nor can there be much wisdom in procuring loans now at the expense of the future.

Increased debts in peace, and increased taxes in peace, the moths and rust which destroy every Government that tolerates them, are your only laurels.

You have, to be sure, in hot haste repealed the Sub-Treasury. But your only financial merit in this has been rashly to abolish one good system, in successful operation, before you obtained or could put into operation another, though had been regulated by law. Say nothing more of the terrible union of the purse and the sword, which has, notwithstanding, been deliberately consummated by you in that inconsiderate repeal. Be silent on the supposed increase of Executive patronage to the past Administration, when you have armed this one with unlimited power over the public money, and proposed, by two United States Banks, with large capitals to render it still more formidable. What rigid disciplines you must be of the school of '98! what close followers of Jefferson! what strict constructionists!

Such Whigs look to me as much like Democrats in principle, and as much like the Whigs of 1776, as you and your party did when voting against the supplies in the last war, and against rebuilding the Capitol, burnt by Vandal Englishmen.

The people, sir, are tired of these delusions, strive to strip off your mask, then; or let us have less

of all his eminent public services, never more conspicuous or valuable than in the Senate during the recent session of Congress; and we devoutly trust that he may long be preserved to his country."

Who are the Guilty?

The Philadelphia Ledger, a neutral paper, makes the following remarks, upon the mobs—the insults offered to the President—the Congressional brawls and other violations of law and good morals, which have become so prevalent in the country. It traces them to their true source, and shows up the "decency party," during the last year, in an enviable light. The following extract is commended to the attention of our readers:

"We admit that demoralization, debasement of public sentiment, have made rapid strides with a dozen years. But the masses are still sound. They still entertain respect for the constituted authorities, attachment to their institutions, and jealousy of their rights. Who, then, are the authors of these discreditable proceedings? They originate among those who claim all the decency, all the refinement in the country. They originate among the trading classes, the very persons who affect to be superior in intelligence and refinement to those portions of our citizens who do not participate in such indecent outrages. They originate among the bankers, borrowers, and not among the producers. We admit that they have extended to other classes; but the first named are the sources.

"We have not seen a body of farmers insult a President or burn him in effigy. Nor have we seen a body of mechanics meeting to denounce a President as a traitor, a liar, a deceiver.—These *decencies* are confined to a decent portion of the community; to the respectable portion, of the gentlemen! And why should such men, who, if they assumed superiority he admitted, have greater inducements to conduct with propriety than their neighbors, signalize themselves thus disgracefully? Is the spirit of trade demoralizing? Does it debase and corrupt till all real decency be eradicated? No. But the spirit of banking is demoralizing, and our trading classes are directly connected with spirit of banking.—Banking promotes borrowing, and borrowers, feel the power of the lender, are rarely independent in spirit.

"Though demoralizing causes have been in operation for many years past, we have never known so many of them at work together, as during the last year of the Presidential election. Never were such efforts made, never were such large sums expended, never did the statesmen and orators of the country solicit votes so industriously and recklessly, as during the last year of this memorable campaign. In the midst of this contest, we said what we now repeat, that years must elapse before the public mind could recover from its debauching tendencies.—The "log cabins," the "hard cider," and bacchanalian songs, the treasonable threats, the disorganizing doctrines, the "pipe laying," the low revilements, the debaucheries, the profanities, the indecencies which characterized the summer preceding the election, have produced a moral taint, from which the public mind cannot be purified without the lapse of years. And who were the authors of these follies, vices, and crimes, this intemperance, drunkenness, bribery and treason?—The farmers and mechanics? No. They were the lawyers and statesmen, the bankers and members of Congress, the gentlemen, the *respectability*, the *decency*. Men high in offices of honor, men high in what they boast of as social respectability, made the lowest appeals to the lowest passions and most vulgar tastes. Senators in Congress were not ashamed to urge Gen. Harrison's dwelling in a log cabin as a test of his qualifications to the Presidency, when they knew that he occupied no such dwelling, and would evince any thing but refinement of taste and spirit of improvement, by being content with such accommodations when he could obtain better. These orators would pity an Indian for dwelling in a wigwam, and despise a white man for preferring one to a comfortable house. They were not ashamed of imputing to him a preference for hard cider, when they would not drink it while they could procure champagne, and would be obliged to confess that water was better than either, and that any modification of alcohol did more harm than good. Yet Senators and Representatives in Congress were not ashamed to affect low habits and vulgar tastes, and of representing their candidates for the Presidency as addicted to the same, of reducing *him* and themselves to a level which they internally despised, under the insolent, the degrading supposition, that the masses of men whom the addressed, could comprehend nothing higher, were incapable of understanding their rights, or appreciating the dignities of human nature.

POPULUS.

From the Augstn. Age.

NEW YORK CONVENTION.

The New York State Federal Convention

called to take into consideration the course pursued by the President in respect to the Bank question, assembled on the 7th inst., at Syracuse, and adopted an Address and series of Resolutions, according very nearly in tone, with the Address of the Federal members of Congress. We subjoin a brief extract from the Address, as a specimen of its general spirit:

"In the avowal heretofore strongly made by

Mr. Tyler in favor of the One Term principle,

we have the assurance that, in his time, the country will not be cursed with the revolving spectacle

of an administration conducted through one entire term chiefly with a view of securing the succession to the incumbent, or to any particular application of Government patronage. The Whig party, without the aid of Executive influence, will designate, in proper time, a suitable candidate for the office of President in 1843.

"We offer to Henry Clay, of Kentucky, the

tribute of our heartfelt gratitude and thanks for

the recent session of Congress; and we devoutly trust that he may long be preserved to his country."

POETRY.

From the Portland Tribune.

The Falling Leaf.

The falling leaf—an emblem fit
Of mortal man's decay;
Observe, proud genius, talent, wit,
Thus thou wilt pass away.
Life's morning gloriously may shine,
As spring upon the leaf—
And every earthly bliss be thine—
But joys will be as brief!
The autumn wind, with solemn moan,
Sways wildly o'er the plain;
The flowers, the leaves are scared and gone
To be renewed again.
The spring of life will not return—
With every rolling year;
The lamp of life will dimmer burn,
Till it shall disappear.
Lift up thine eye—improve thy heart
In truths divinely given—
That thou at last may have a part
In all the bliss of heaven.

From Hours in Hiodotan.

A Fifth at Whist.

We had been playing all the evening at whist,
Our stake had been gold mohur points, and twenty on the rubber. Maxey, who is always lucky, had won five successive bumpers which lent a self-satisfied smile to his countenance, and made us, the losers, look any thing but pleased, when he suddenly changed countenance, and hesitated to play; this more surprised us, since he was one that seldom pondered, being so perfectly master of the game, that he deemed long consideration superfluous.

"Play away, Maxey; what are you about?" impatiently demanded Churchill, one of the most impetuous youths that ever wore the uniform of the body guard.

"Hush," responded Maxey, in a tone which thrilled through us, at the same time turning deadly pale.

"Are you unwell?" said another, about to start up, for he believed our friend had suddenly been taken ill.

"For the love of peace sit quiet!" rejoined the other, in a tone denoting extreme fear or pain, and he laid down his cards. "If you value my life, move not."

"What can he mean?—has he taken leave of his senses?" demanded Churchill, appealing to himself.

"Don't start!—don't move, I tell you!" in a sort of a whisper I never can forget, uttered Maxey. "If you make any sudden motion I am a dead man!"

We exchanged looks. He continued, "remain quiet, and all may yet be well. I have a Cobra Capella round my leg."

Our first impulse was to draw back our chairs, but an appealing look from the victim induced us to remain, although we were aware that the reptile transfer but one fold, and attach himself to any of the part, that individual might already be counted as a dead man, so fatal is the bite of the deadly monster.

Poor Maxey was dressed as many old residents still dress in India—namely, in breeches and silk stockings; he therefore more plainly felt every movement of the snake. His countenance assumed a livid hue; the words seemed to leave his mouth without that feature altering its position, so rigid was his look—so fearful was he lest the slightest movement should alarm the serpent, and hasten the fatal bite.—We were in agony little less than his own during the scene.

"He is coiling round!" murmured Maxey, "I feel him cold—cold to my limb: and now he tightens!—for the love of heaven call for some milk!—I dare not speak loud: let it be placed on the ground near me; let some be spilt on the floor."

Churchill cautiously gave the order, and a servant slipped out of the room.

"Don't stir!—Northcote, you moved your head. By every thing sacred, I conjure you do not so again! It cannot be long ere my fate is decided. I have a wife and two children in Europe; tell them that I die blessing them; that my last prayers were for them; the snake is winding itself round my calf; I leave them all I possess—I can almost fancy I feel his breath—Great Heaven! to die in such a manner!" The milk was brought, and carefully put down; a few drops were sprinkled on the floor, and the affrighted servants drew back.

Again, Maxey spoke:

"No—not it has no effect! on the contrary, he has clasped himself tighter—he has uncurled his upper fold! I dare not look down, but I am sure he is about to draw back, and give the bite of death with more fatal precision.—Again he pauses. I die firm; but this is past endurance;—ah! no—he has undone another fold, and loosened himself. Can he be going to some one else?" We involuntarily started. "For the love of heaven, stir not! I am a dead man; but bear with me. He still loosens—he is about to dart! Move not, but beware! Churchill, he falls off that way!—Oh! this agony is too hard to bear! Another pressure, and I am dead! No! he relaxes!" At that moment poor Maxey ventured to look down; and the snake had unwound himself; the last coil had fallen, and the reptile was making for the milk.

"I am saved! saved!" and Maxey bounded from his chair, and fell senseless into the arms of one of his servants.

In another instant, needed it be added, we were all dispersed; the snake was killed, and our poor friend carried more dead than alive to his room.

That scene I can never forget; it dwells on my memory still, strengthened by the fate of poor Maxey, who from that hour pined in hopeless imbecility, and sunk into an early grave.

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COLLECTORS NOTICE,—PERU.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of land in the town of Peru, County of Oxford, that the same are taxed for the year 1840, for State, County and town tax, and for deficient highway tax of 1839, in bills committed to me to collect, and remaining unpaid as follows:—

Peck's Grant, Improved Land.

Owner Name Number of Acres Tax.

Jona. Moor, 23 100 1,75 2,80 106

" 24 100 1,75 2,08 75

Wm. B. Walton, 25 108 1,75 2,40 79

Unimproved Land, Peck's Grant.

Owner unknown, 50 20 32 S. Robinson, 26 100 1,50 2,40 74

For's Grant, Improved Land.

Owner Name Number of Acres Tax.

Unknown, 13 100 200 3,20 414

Unimproved Land.

Owner Name Number of Acres Tax.

Unknown, 4 2 50 50 40

" 3 100 85 1,33 41

" 4 67 50 80 37

" 5 91 200 2,20 37

" 6 90 50 1,44 26

Lunt's Upper tract, Improved.

Owner Name Number of Acres Tax.

G. W. Lunt, 2 1 100 100 414

whole farm.

Owner Name Number of Acres Tax.

Unknown, 1 2 84 100 1,60 41

" 2 100 300 4,20 37

" West end 4 1 50 125 2,00 29

Thompson's Grant, Unimproved.

Owner Name Number of Acres Tax.

G. Edwards, 15 5 10 60 46 26

Wm. Thompson, 7 13 100 30 49 26

Unknown, part of 7 6 50 75 1,20 41

Sam'l Jenne, 12 10 100 40 64 37

Wm. Thompson, E. end 12 100 50 80 37

Perf. Thomas, 7 8 40 40 64 29

" 10 10 10 26

Improved.

Owner Name Number of Acres Tax.

SIMON NORRIS, 12 11 100 200 3,20 37

Parish, October 1841. 3w22

Timothy Ludden, Collector of Peru, for 1840.

Peru, July 6th, 1841. 3w22

List of Letters

REMAINING in the Post Office, at Paris, October 4th, 1841.

Appleton, J. W.

Brooks, Wm.

Burrell, John

Clegg, Thomas

Churchill, A. M.

Crocker, Luther & Co.

Cole, Eunice

Durall, Miss

Dunham, Ransom

Deering, Mark

Fuller, N. E.

Foster, John

Fox, George

Follott, Orville

Frost, Isaac

Hubbard, N. J.

Humphrey, E. B.

SIMEON NORRIS, P. M.

Paris, October 1841. 3w22

To the County Commissioners for the Counties of Kennebec and Oxford.

THE undersigned would petition the County Commissioners of the aforesaid Counties of Oxford and Kennebec, that the Court road leading out from our dwelling house, of Carr's Asia Jones, in the town of Oxford, in an easterly direction to the westerly end of Turner Center Bridge, and from the easterly end of said Bridge in the most direct and practicable route to Windthrop village in the County of Kennebec. And that a joint survey of said route may be had as soon as may be, or so much of the same as shall be deemed necessary for the public convenience, is earnest wish of your petitioners; and for which, as in duty bound, &c.

MORRILL COLE, and 72 others

STATE OF MAINE.

KENNEBEC.—Court of County Commissioners, April 1841, by adjournment.

On the petition of the undersigned, after due consideration, it is ordered, that the County Commissioners of the County of Oxford, be requested to meet the Commissioners of this County at the house of Asia Jones, in Turner, in said County of Oxford, on Tuesday the sixteenth day of November next, at ten o'clock A. M., for the purpose of whence proceeding to view the route mentioned in the petition; immediately after which view, hearing the testimony of the witnesses, will be had, and such further measures taken in the premises as shall be deemed necessary for the public convenience, as in duty bound, &c.

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